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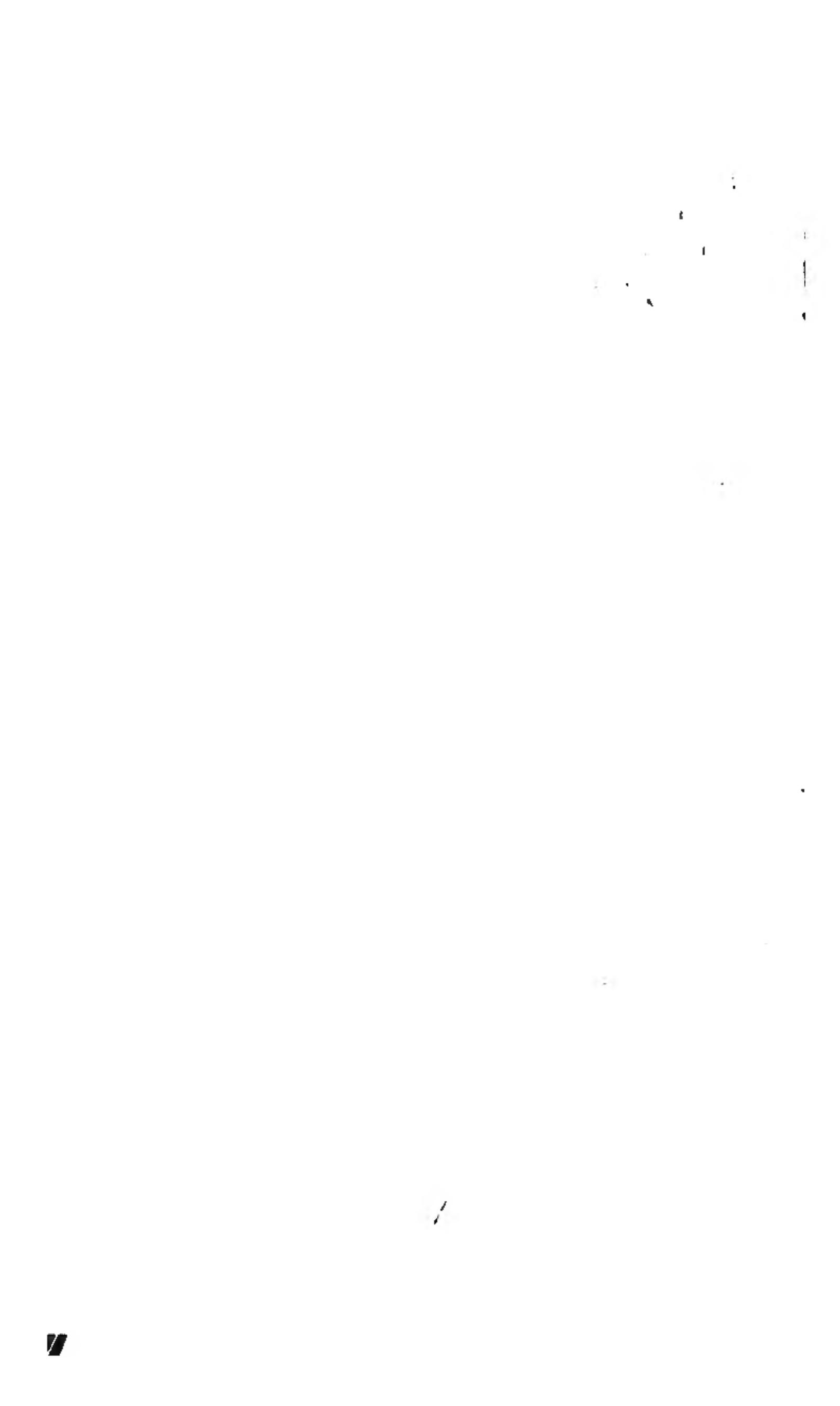
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	iii
BOOK ONE. PANDA	1
BOOK TWO. HATTE	213
BOOK THREE. JESUS	455

BOOK I

PANDA

THE SORRY TALE

brought them forth. And Panda made known unto him that they should seek out the road and off unto Jerusalem. And he took up the Hate, who lay as a young lamb, long legs hanging limp, and so they set upon the road, the lamb of Hatte following. And the sheep, that came from out the night, set them ahead upon the way.

THE SORRY TALE

And Hatte touched her hair and loosed its darked strands and kissed the soft and lay his head upon her breast.

And night shut Jerusalem away. Her walls slipped unto a naught within the dark. And sands shewed, and palms rattled. And the rattle of the armlets of Nada sounded as the caravans. And Caleb sunk asleep, and it was night.

And Hatte spake more, saying: "Doth the men of Rome touch the flesh of her! Panda, what bursteth here?"

And he oped his arms and cried aloud:

"Oh, Thou! Oh, Thou of Theia! Send Thou thy hosts, yea, clothed of white, that they surge as the waves that Peter hath told unto Hatte of, and wash these lands!"

BOOK II

HATTE

THE SORRY TALE

And they had come unto the wall's ope and the lad spake:
"Out upon the way doth Paul seek. The peace of Jehovah rest
thee."

And he cast of a metal unto the gate's man and set him on.

And the camel went it upon its way unto the mighty one's palace.
And Jerusalem had shut upon him who rode.

“And behold, within his hands gleameth the mighty scepter, the ball, and upon his brow gleameth the circlet, wound of laurels. And the ball shrinketh unto a rotted fig, and the circlet gleameth hot of fires, and the laurels sear and the dusts fall within the one’s eyes and he standeth blinded!

“And behold, before him, then, there seemeth a one to stand—and, Panda, this one is Hatte! And within his hand a scourge of gold! And then, and then—the slaying! the slaying!”

And he sped without. And Aaron took up his nets and sped after.

looked far and dreamed dreams of one who came, and harked not unto Levi.

And he went up unto the parapet and oped up his arms and looked unto the East. And o'er Bethlehem's way the star hung, but he saw not.

And night fell, and Jerusalem's woes sought dreams, and lo, dwelt therein unto the morn.

ne'er mar the golden path of wisdom, and washeth that He be clean."

And Paul questioned: "And thou goest unto such an one?"

And Hatte answered: "Nay, not at this tide, for Jerusalem shall hold Hatte until the going of her. Come thou, Paul, the light hath waked the flocks and they unshepherded, for Panda slumbereth. Come!"

And they set upon the way. And Hatte turned unto the hill's path and spake:

"Not at the light! Nay, nay, Hatte still hath shadow 'pon his dream."

And Paul made no questioning, but followed; for youth forgetteth sorrow in youth. And the hills took them in.

THE SORRY TALE

And Panda answered: "Nay! Panda deemeth this the blade these men of Rome would pierce thee with."

And Hatte sat long and looked afar. And Nada brought forth bread and they offered it and Hatte eat thereof. And Aaron lay upon the earth's breast and slept.

"Nada! the silver soothing moon of Panda's night!"

And he sat him upon the floor's flags, and his eyes rested upon the sleeping Hatte, whose lips sneered in sleep. And the place was dark, and the lamp cast a glow within the ceil, and the shadows winged about the walls like bats. And Panda sat him silent.

And Panda said: "Yea, come and look upon her. Leave her beams to wind thee like silver webs, to dream. For moon's webs weave sweet dreams."

And they went without, and Hatte stood long and looked unto the moon's peaceful white. And it was still. And he smiled and turned unto Panda and pointed unto the moon and spake:

"List! List, Panda! She whispereth. Yea, hark! the moon speaketh. Hearest thou?"

And he kissed his hand and held it up unto the moon, and murmured:

"Hark! Hark! The words! 'He shall come! He shall come!' Surely, surely! Ah, Panda, I am weary."

And they went them within.

BOOK III
JESUS

THE SORRY TALE

And Abraham spake: "But this woman, Indra, hath wisdom that shall bring her riches."

And Hassan said: "What a noble aim! Wisdom's weight for moneys! She hath much wisdom, indeed, Abraham. Where is she?"

And Abraham answered: "Within the Rome's hall. Go and speak unto her that Abraham hath sent thee and she will hark. Go and take unto her hands this,"—and he reached beneath the skins and brought forth a scourge of thorn and golden strands! And Hassan reached forth and took the scourge and spake no word, but his eyes narrowed.

And Abraham spake: "This will ope the ears of Indra. Begone!"

And Hassan said: "It is done." And he went upon his way, and Paul followed.

script for troublous tides to read? Know ye not that more of bitter maketh bitter less?"

And Nada said: "Come, Panda! Thinkest thou that we may see the swallow's wings?" And Panda answered: "Yea."

And they sought the without, and the moon shone upon their waiting.

tide that Hassan had been delivered unto them, and the Rome's hall was full of the word that Helios had been found oped, and Hassan gone. And they that had borne Hassan thence that they undo him, told that they knew not what had been, so swift, as the darts of a hawk, was the thing o'er. And within the hands of one was hair of the beard of Hassan.

And within the market's place, at the next morn, unto the hands of Abraham had come a skin filled of holes. All of this Rome knew; but they knew not whereto Hassan had flown, for no spot had shewn him.

And He turned slow unto the mighty one, saying:

"No Jew is beneath thee, but Jesus Christus. Do the thing! He awaiteth."

And the hall was silent. And He stood, robed in tatters and the stripes of the thong, regal. And Rome cowered before Him.

And when He had stood long so, He turned, unto them that had taunted Him, a smile like unto a young sun of morning. And they feared Him. And the mighty one arose and spake naught, but bid that they bear Him thence, delivered unto the blade's men. And they bore Him from the great hall unto the pits' places.

And they that had come set their tongues living once more. And they spake like wild things: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Lay Him low! Bring forth the flesh of the man that oped the Jew's temples, and slay him! Yea, upon the feast day make ye merry, oh sire! Offer up sacrifice before the eyes of the Jews, lest they arise. Shew them Rome's heel!"

And the mighty one spake: "I will not of it."

And they made louder noises, even did they fall one unto the other. And the men of office of Rome spake unto him: "Seest thou? These men are of Rome, but they abide in Jerusalem and they shall raise up the Jews. It is a fearful tide. Deliver the man up."

And the mighty one arose and stood and bade that the slaves bring forth a cup, and he drank it slow and pondered. And he called that a slave bring forth a fount, and Indra went forth and returned with a bowl of gold and jade. And she offered it, and the mighty one arose and bathed him therein, saying: "This is a sign I will not of it."

And the men of office looked unto him, and he spake: "Do as thou wilt."

And they that had sought departed, filled up of the words of the men of office that they would deliver these up unto their hands upon the feast day.

fully. For some of them were Jews who watched, and some were of various tribes, and some were of Rome. And they of other tribes were Rome's. And they spake:

"They shall be delivered up. This day shall they fall into the hands of them that seek them."

And amid the calling sounded out the words: "The Son of God!" "The King of the Jews!" "The Son of Tiberius!" "A swine-noble!" "Crucify them!" "Crucify them!"

And the ways ran of men who breathed fast, and dogs barked, and asses brayed, and the sounds of morning were wild.

And the voice of Jesus Christus arose once more speaking out: "Call thou this name! It is thy cloak. No noble e'er wore more regal garment."

And Hatte spake: "Theia!" And his voice was like unto a child's, peace-filled.

And Jesus Christus said: "Call thou!"

And Hatte spake soft, trusting-soft: "Theia! Theia! Theia!"

And behold, the light shewed, and the face that turned unto the ope was illumined with the young sun. And it was the face of Caanthus!

And behold, he stood him up tall, and drew up his arms, saying: "I am strong!"

And afar, afar, upon a valley spot, where the road's-ways were stoned and still dark from the sun, sagged a camel. And from out its trappings sounded out a voice: "Oh—e—e—e—!" And within a woman beat her hands one upon the other.

shade, where the sun might bite. And it was true that there sounded out a wail of anguish, and it was the voice of Hatte, for he was broken. And from out the throngs sped a woman, crying: "Hatte! Hatte! Hatte!" And this was Mary, who followed with the mother of Him. And lo, they wept, and were cast among the men as wastes, and beaten and trodden, yea, and bruised. And the cheek of Mary was white and stained; yea, even the things they had cast at the flesh of Jesus Christus and Hatte had smitten her and the holy bearer of Him. And lo, at the calling: "Hatte! Hatte!" Hatte arose and cried aloud:

"Theia, behold thy son! This is the long dark path, but the fleeing is no more! It is come! The hand of Tiberius hath fallen!"

And Mary came her up and with her frail hands made that she bear the cross, and wept and spake soft words, saying: "Wait! Wait! Rememberest thou? He shall come!"

And Hatte spake: "It must be true, for true as hate hath followed me hath this."

And lo, they swept them apart and trod down the women, leaving them, and bore them upon the way.

And when they had come unto the high spot, lo, already stood one cross made living! And they cast down Hatte and lay the cross upon the earth and brought forth irons. And they made him ready, and through the living flesh they set man's wrath to prison man's flesh unto God-wrought wood.

And they took up the smitten hand and made ready. And Hatte laughed and spake: "It is dead!" And they brought forth the whole hand, and Hatte whispered hoarse: "It is whole! Behold, earth, I offer it unto thee!" And they made it fast and he cried: "Ye—oh!—will not!" And they fastened his feet. And his lips stopped, locked of agony, and his eyes spake empty.

And they cast down Jesus Christus. And behold, they had brought forth the tatters within which He had been clothed and they spread them forth and cried: "Behold, the raiment of a King!" And they took bits among them and cried aloud in mockery. And it was true that one who stood holding of the cloth saw it not. And this was Flavius.

And they lay upon Jesus Christus, and behold, Hatte's lips twisted that he speak, and the word was the watchword, "Mercy!" And he whispered: "God, if thou art God, mercy!"

And behold, the form of Jesus fell empty, knowing not, and they pierced the chalice that let flow the living wine. And they raised up the crosses and made them fast. And lo, the clouds sunk even upon the earth, sweeping the hills and breaking down the trees in wrath of the

6

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